

up for all. It is truly the *Land of Nod*. Often have I compared them to surly canine quadrupeds, who growl as they pass, and would if they had leisure, turn and bite.

Having inquired our future route from Mr. Hayden, he probably read the legible index of our mission, by guessing we were in search of land, and by answering in the affirmative, and Pike County our object, he smiled and sarcastically observed, to our mortification, "if stones and the barren waste had been our pursuit, we were certainly in the right path to find such; but if there existed land, it was invisible" This *pleasing* information was fully confirmed by the respective opinions, of other respectable gentlemen present. My companions having friends originally from England, at a celebrated watering-place called Scholey's Mountains, some twenty-five miles westward of Morristown, we changed our course for this American restorative, but found not Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Harrogate, gay Brighton, nor health-breathing Scarborough, but one solitary inn, planted in a rude spot of nature---a correct counterpart of Matlock scenery, mountain gloom, and rockrent precipices. Its celebrated water possesses properties similar to one of the Harrogate springs---a combination of sulphur, iron, &c. and is considered of great benefit to the valetudinarian. Having reach-